

The Journal and Courier

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The legislature of Georgia has passed a bill which makes the earnings of a married woman her personal property, and not liable for the debts of or in any way belonging to her husband. The courts of that State had several times decided that her earnings were not the property of a married woman.

The directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad have been assured by an electrical expert that they can save \$5,000,000 a year in coal bills by using an electric motor fed with a current produced by a gas engine. At the latest test an electric engine drew the heaviest load ever drawn by a single locomotive.

London is to have another underground railroad, which will relieve the strain on the existing systems of rapid transit. The motive power will be electrically, which will do away with the smoke and cinders which are so objectionable in the steam road tunnels. The new line will run from Shepherd's Bush, in the extreme west, to the city, at a depth of seventy feet underground. There will be about fourteen stations.

The great park system of Boston is said by General Walker to be practically complete. He admits that some matters of detail remain to be carried out, and that some broad connecting avenues are to be provided, but these are hardly a part of the park system. He believes that within ten years Boston will be the most beautiful city in the world, and this will be due, in great measure, to the parks that have received so much attention of late.

The Illinois courts decide that the law of that State closing barber shops on Sundays is unconstitutional, because it is class legislation. The decision will make no material difference in the operation of the barber shops there. They have ignored the law ever since it was enacted, and no serious effort has been made to enforce it. It was passed at the solicitation of the employees in the shops, who wanted a holiday, but as soon as their wages were reduced to correspond with their reduced hours of labor they changed their minds.

Liquid air is now manufactured on a commercial basis in Germany, the requisite cold being obtained by the rapid evaporation of the product itself, thus dispensing with the expensive process of using intermediary cooling agents. It is used for refrigerating, but is also valuable as a source of oxygen, for as the air liquefies it becomes richer in oxygen; the German product contains 70 per cent of oxygen, a sufficient degree of purity for many commercial purposes, while the gas may be further purified by the removal of the residue, which is chiefly nitrogen. An indirect result of the simplification of the process for liquefying air should be the production of argon in large enough quantities to bring it within the reach of all students of chemistry.

The Westminster Gazette says that Father Knapp treats his patients at Woerishoven very rapidly. He sits at a long table in a large, plainly furnished room, smoking a huge cigar. He dictates his "prescriptions" to an assistant in a solemn tone, as if he were presiding at a religious ceremonial. Men, women and children of every station in life file past him. In an hour and a quarter he gets through 130 without difficulty. There is no examination, and few questions are asked. Indeed, there is little necessity, for cold water baths and bandages and walks on wet grass with bare feet exhaust the worthy pastor's pharmacopoeia. There is one exception—an ointment composed of honey and medicinal herbs for those who suffer from diseases of the eye. But then the ointment is a sovereign one for everything, and so Pastor Knapp manages to break the record as an oculist as well.

Colored ministers in Washington are making an effort to persuade their people to abandon the idea that, if possible, all funerals should be held on Sunday. The clergymen object because of the display attending Sunday funerals, and the waste of money resulting from the hiring of conveyances by the large number who have opportunity to attend on that day. The display is heightened

ed by the fact that in nearly all cases the deceased, no matter how poor, had been a member of a secret society. The negroes are great lovers of the mysteries of secret societies, and there are societies for the women as well as for the men, and even juvenile societies. The strength of these societies may render vain the reformatory efforts of the clergymen. Leaders of the societies threaten, in the event of further opposition from the clergy, to hold the Sunday funerals in the society halls, and to lessen the perquisites of the regular clergy by engaging ministers who have no churches to conduct the services.

A RELATED MAN.

Times have changed. A man "out West" has been sent to an asylum for the insane because he would persist in believing and saying that Grover Cleveland was a god. Poor man. He is belated. There was a time when such a notion as his was considered a sure sign of sanity. It was held by some of the best in the land, including many college professors and other highly intelligent mugwumps. They didn't hesitate to ascribe godlike qualities to Cleveland or to fall down and worship him. All his words seemed to them divine and all his actions unquestionable by mortals.

It was generally known that Cleveland-worship had decayed, but it will surprise people to read that it is now called insanity in the West. It is called foolishness in the East and its former adherents are wondering how they could have fallen into its errors. We do not suppose that if a belated member of the sect should become conspicuous in this region he would be taken seriously and sent to an asylum for the insane, but he would be pointed at and laughed at.

A NEW IDEA.

Mrs. J. M. Gleason of Cincinnati is a particularly promising bud in the rose-bud garden of woman reformers. Last spring she made quite a stir by a plea for public sand piles. Every block in the city, she said, should have a sand heap for children to play in. By thus interesting the little ones in the mysteries of sand castles and sand pies they would be kept off the pavement and, Mrs. Gleason argued, not be doomed to grow up bow-legged. She could not make this reform go, but there is no doubt that it ought to have gone. Children in cities need sand and they should have it.

Now Mrs. Gleason has another idea still more important than her famous sand-pile idea. She wants cuspidors strung along the streets at suitable intervals and an ordinance compelling people to use them. She thinks that five to each block would be about right. There is no doubt about the need of this reform in Cincinnati and in other cities. The complaint against the evil she seeks to cure is growing, and her remedy is the only practical one that has been proposed. If it were thoroughly applied it would be worth all that it would cost. It may seem to some at first thought a preposterous and impracticable notion, but it isn't. Cuspidors are put in railroad stations and in other places where all kinds of people congregate in large numbers, and they are used without a law compelling their use. It would probably be possible to make their use on the street general. A great many decent people would welcome them and the indecent ones could have their attention called to them. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Gleason will succeed in impressing the city of Cincinnati with the usefulness of her idea. It deserves a trial at least.

AN OBJECTION.

Judge Holman of Indiana, who has won fame as an objector, now rises to object to what is called "the foreign policy" of the Cleveland administration. He attributes the misfortunes of the Democratic party largely to Mr. Cleveland's attempt to restore the deposed Queen Liliuokalani, his dealing with Great Britain on the Corinto incident and with France on the imprisonment of ex-Consul Waller. He says the hauling down of the Stars and Stripes at Hawaii should never have been ordered or permitted. "But no matter under what circumstances the flag was raised, American sentiment could not tolerate its being pulled down by our orders. It should have been left until the Hawaiians themselves pulled it down, or until it rotted and fell away. There is a sentiment about the American flag, and a very proper one, which must not be disregarded. The order, 'If anyone pulls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot,' has been in the mouth of every American. The course of the administration in this matter, as I say, was the beginning of our misfortunes." Mr. Holman is in favor of the immediate granting of belligerent rights to Cuba, and says there is no excuse for longer withholding full recognition to the patriots who are struggling for liberty. He holds that England has no right to the territory which she claims in Venezuela and that the United States must enforce the Monroe doctrine at every hazard. He does not believe, however, that there is the slightest danger of a war with Great Britain being provoked by such enforcement, as an embargo on Great Britain's commerce with the United States would mark the beginning of the dissolution of the British empire. Judge Holman is a good Democrat,

but he objects to having the country disgraced just as much as he used to object to having it robbed. And every true patriot will say Amen!

FASHION NOTES.

A Bonnet Like a Tiara on a Dolley. The newest theater bonnet is made about a tiara of steel set with rhinestones. The tiara is not much bigger than a finger ring, but stands up like an elaborate section of wire fence, five-barred at that. This little affair is set on a frill of lace and under the frill of lace is laid a soft fold of silk or velvet. Right at the back of the tiara, for all the world as if to keep it from slipping off its little dolley of lace, is a big bow that spreads to either side of the head. Sometimes the bow is omitted and the tiara stands all



alone like an open-top thimble on a ruffled pin cushion of lace. Of course, the woman who has a tiara of real gems may wear it, but the steel and rhinestone affairs are offered at prices that are quite enough to make most women stop to think of something cheaper.

Quills perched saucily atop all the other trimmings of a hat are one of the characteristics of women's headgear at present, and they perch on hats of many different grades. In this sketch they are put upon a toque of moss green mirror velvet that has a flat tannish crown and a narrow wired brim slashed at the left side where the quills are held by a big jet ball. Straight across on the other side in back a bunch of parma violets rests against the hair. This picture shows to what dimensions the bows of the stock collar have come. Mercury wings, from a modest beginning, come at last to be bigger than the bonnets they adorned; can it be that mercury collar bows will outstrip their wearers?

Silk walking hats, like men's high hats, are shown with wide brims and rather low bell crowns. At one side a handsome buckle and a flare of cockle plumes are put. Such a hat must only be attempted on an unworn face of some pliancy, for on an oblique or faded woman the effect is most trying. Even when topped fresh faces, they will not be considered beautifying by most women, at least, not until they are more generally worn.

FLORETTE.

The Advanced Women.—"Why do you men like the clubs so well? Is it because they are so homelike?" "It is because they are not homelike."—Life.

All He Could Do.—The wife—Two weeks ago you said my husband couldn't live, and now he's nearly well. The Doctor—Madam, I can only express my regrets.—Puck.

"How intense are the fires of love!" ejaculated the poet. "Yes," answered the father of six marriageable daughters; "but they do take an awful lot of coal."—Tit-Bits.

Mr. Bonder—Can I see the financial editor? Office boy—Nope; he's busy writing an article to show why the stocks he owns don't pay any dividends. —Brooklyn Life.

She (haughtily)—I beg your pardon, sir; you have the advantage of me. He (daintily)—I should say I had. I am the fellow you flitted ten years ago.—Melbourne Weekly Times.

"Why did Starr resign from the Actors' Club?" "Mad. When they posted him for non-payment of dues, they put his name in the same-sized letters as his understudy.—Harper's Bazar.

Tramp—One moment, my friend; can you spare the price of a glass of beer? Party Accosted—Yes, easily; and what's more, I'm just going down street to get it. G'day.—Roxbury Gazette.

Attorney (to witness)—Mr. Chalkley, if I mistake not, you said a few minutes ago that you sold milk for a living? Witness (guardedly)—No, sir, I said I was a milkman.—Texas Sittings.

An Argument.—Parishioner—Do you think there is any valid objection to fishing on Sunday? Pastor—I do. A man who goes fishing on Sunday often finds it very difficult to tell the truth on Monday.—Truth.

Mr. De Rich—What? Another new street dress? Where is the last one you got? Mrs. De Rich—I have worn it out. "It isn't a week since you got it." "I wore it out last Thursday."—New York Weekly.

Anxious for Criticism.—Scribbler—I always make it a point to submit my poems to friends, for suggestions and criticism, before publication, and I have brought some pages for you to look over. Bibbler—Um—yes, of course; but why not take it to Nibbler? Scribbler—Fuh! He's a born idiot! The last time I showed him a poem he found fault with it.—New York Weekly.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

"The Choice of Books," by Charles F. Richardson. A little work that will be of great value in training young readers to know and to love what is best in literature. The author has written wisely and well upon an important subject, believing that "the end and aim of all reading should be the proper development of a true and highly personal character, and the work of one's own

acquirements in the work of making other men nobler and better than they now are." Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York. For sale by the Edward P. Judd Co.

"The Fishin' Jimmy Club: A Contribution to Evangelic Liturgies," by John Clark Hill, D. D. A little pamphlet containing the answers to numerous letters of inquiry that have come to the writer from all parts of the country, as to details of the work of the Men's Club in the church of which he is pastor. They have been collected for the purpose of showing that any pastor, in any church, may secure the success that has attended the work of similar organizations wherever started. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York. For sale by the Edward P. Judd Co.

"Our Lord's Teaching," by Rev. James Robertson, D. D. One of a series of handbooks for the use of guilds and Bible classes. The author says: "The teaching of Jesus has been greatly hidden behind that of Paul"—"there is now an increasing desire to go 'back to Christ,' and to know our Christian faith first of all in its most primitive, most authoritative and most truly universal form." No subject could be found of higher interest or importance in Christian teaching, and Dr. Robertson's little work cannot fail to be of great value. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York. For sale by the Edward P. Judd Co.

"The Charlatan," by Robert Buchanan and Henry Murray. A novel which combines a story of genuine hypnotism with the irregular money-getting methods of pretended theosophists. The story is apparently of Madame Blavatsky, who, as "Madame Obnoskin," is a leading character. F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago. For sale by the Edward P. Judd Co.

"Thomas Boobig," A complete enough account of his life and singular disappearance. Narration of his scribe Luther Marshall. A new character in fiction, born in America and suggesting the startling possibility of a reappearance on earth of the elder gods, or Titans, so long banished to remote islands in space and to the under world. A story of wonderful growth and development of character, depicting the incidents, accidents, etc., in the life of one who, from a shy and delicate lad, grew to such proportions and so rapidly that his parents were puzzled to know what to do with him; and for a long time he did not know what to do with himself or what would become of him. A perusal of the book, however, shows that he got along very well, and did more good than harm in the world as he went along. Soon after his twenty-first birthday he disappeared quite suddenly, and while engaged in an extraordinary work which he had undertaken to do. The story is original, clean and deeply interesting for both young and old. Lee & Shepard, Boston. For sale by the Edward P. Judd Co.

"Snowbird and the Water-Tiger, and Other American Indian Tales," by Margaret Compton. With frontispiece in color and full-page illustrations and decorative cover design by Walter C. Greenough. It surely were time that we had a collection of fairy tales founded on the folk-lore of the aboriginals of our own land. And if it has been neglected, the delightful surprise of the treasure-trove which the author of "Snowbird and the Water-Tiger" has discovered for us is all the greater. If India has its Jungle book, we can now boast of our American Indian book with its wonders of bird and beast and savage which are as refreshing and marvelous in their revelations of natural simplicity and supernaturalism, as any contributions to the folk-lore of primitive peoples which we have read. For they are not pure imagination; the author has delved into the government records of early American Indian life and has consulted the reports of several authorities for the material upon which these fairy tales are founded. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. For sale by the Edward P. Judd Co.

"Fettered Yet Free: A Study in Heredity," by Annie S. Swan, author of "Aldersyde," etc. An interesting story, in no way exciting or dramatic, but dealing very effectively with strong but ill-balanced characters who struggle, and in the end successfully, with hereditary faults and tendencies. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. For sale by the Edward P. Judd Co.

"Francis Bacon and His Shakespeare," by Theron S. E. Dixon. The author of this work therein presents data which have convinced him, beyond a reasonable doubt, that Francis Bacon wrote the Shakespearean plays. Whether they will convince his readers is not beyond a reasonable doubt. His plan of procedure is to quote copiously from Shakespeare and from Bacon, showing what he calls a "continuous parallelism" between the plays and Bacon's acknowledged writings. Isolated parallels have been repeatedly pointed out, the conservative mind regarding them as mere coincidences, but Mr. Dixon's continuous "parallels and priors" are supposed to establish his claim that Bacon was the originator of all the philosophy, poetry, ideas, plots and metaphors attributed to Shakespeare. Much of the work is interesting, but it may be doubted if it is not labor lost. Some of the parallels are too trivial to be considered at all, others are striking but not convincing. The work will stand beside those of Ignatius Donnelly and Dr. Owen, a curiosity in literature, if nothing more. The Sargent Publishing Co., Chicago. For sale by the Edward P. Judd Co.

"The Way of a Maid," by Katharine Tynan Hinkson, author of "Cuckoo Songs," etc. A sweet and wholesome story of the domestic life and tangled loves of two typical Irish families, simply and directly told. Mrs. Hinkson is chiefly known as a poet of refined taste and delicate workmanship, whose work betrays a passionate love for her mother country. This is her first novel, and its power and charm are suggestive of future successes in the same line. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. For sale by the Edward P. Judd Co.

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"Doctor Gray's Quest," by Francis H. Underwood, LL.D., author of "Quabbin," "The Poet and the Man," "Builders of American Literature," etc., etc. Dr. Underwood had been engaged, for some time before his death, upon a work of fiction which he meant to be the crowning effort of his life, and which he completed but a few days before passing away. This work, which is entitled "Dr. Gray's Quest," is now published both in this country and in Great Britain, in which latter country Dr. Underwood had acquired a high literary as well as social position, having been United States consul at both Glasgow and Edinburgh. It is not only a thoughtful and informing book, but a novel of unusual power. The character of Mercy Starkweather is admirably conceived and developed with great ingenuity and judgment. A finer piece of delineation in this line is rare in English literature. The story of Dr. Gray, and his search for proof of the innocence of Florian's father, has deep interest; and the domestic life of Little Canaan is another of those historic pictures of New England for which Mr. Underwood was famous. Altogether the book takes high rank among works of fiction, and is worthy of the reputation of its lamented author. Lee & Shepard, Boston. For sale by the Edward P. Judd Co.

Pullman Conductor—Can you and your brother get along all right, two in a berth? Traveler—Of course we can. We know what it is. We're twins.—New York Herald.

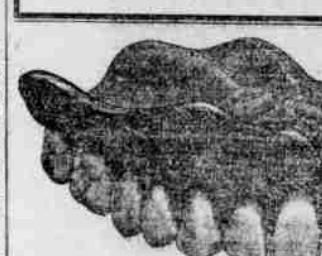
ONE THING

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